

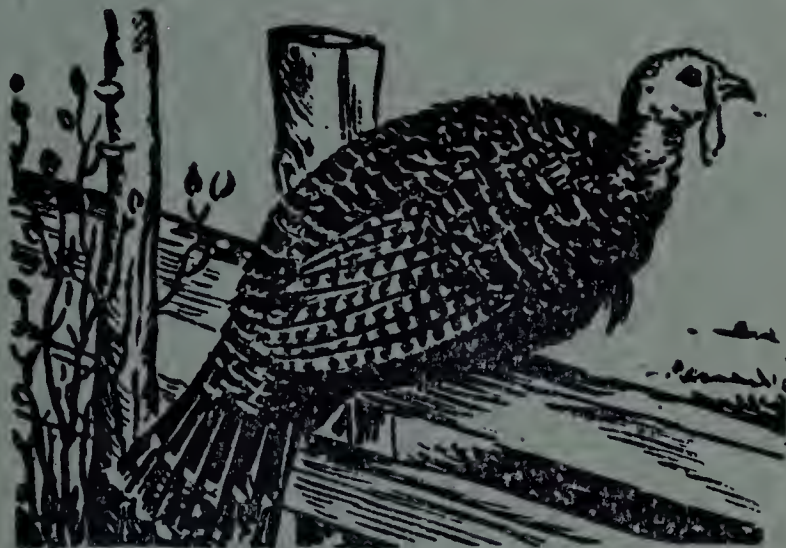
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THE  
ST. JOSEPH'S  
COLLEGIAN

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*Thanksgiving Number*  
1932







# The St. Joseph's Collegian

Volume XXI

Number Two

November 15, 1932

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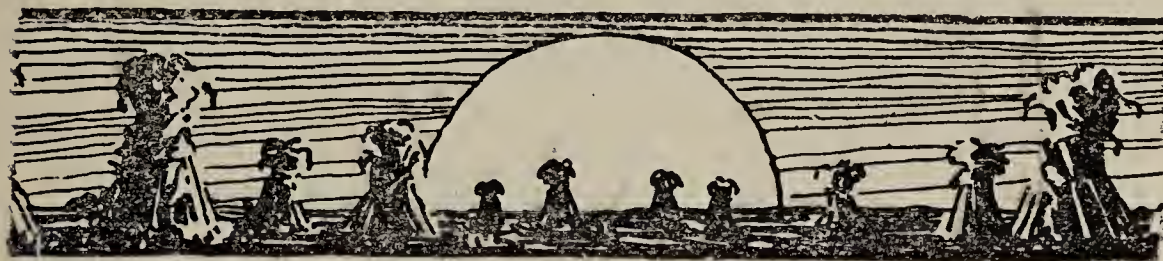
# The St. Joseph's Collegian

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## The Man in the Moon

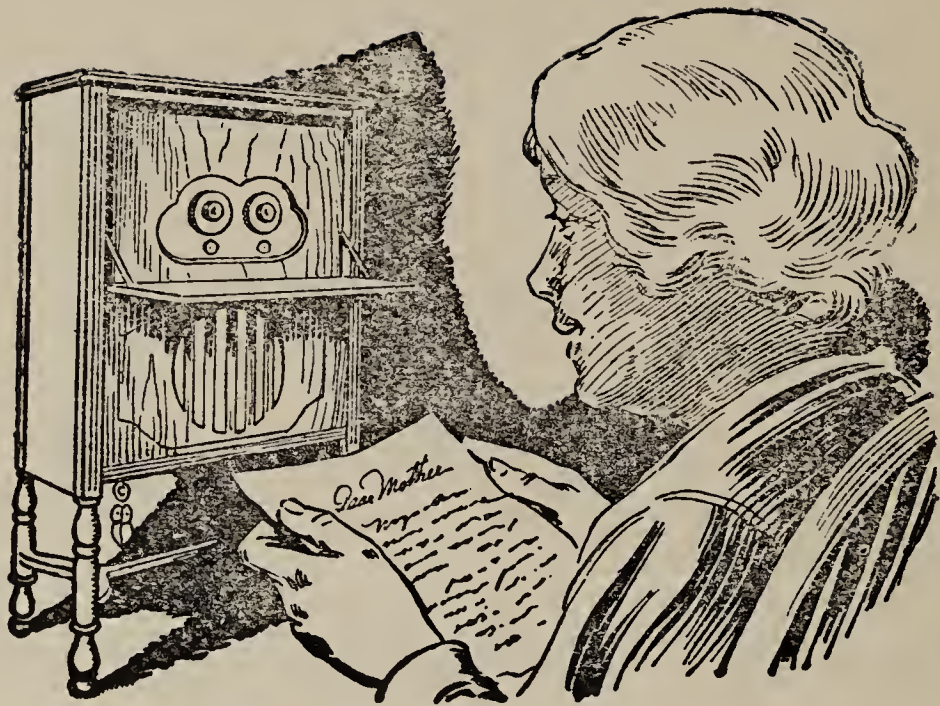
Anthony Traser '34

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Up in the moon there is a man  
Who beams upon us all;  
Who laughs with us and weeps with us,  
Up in that crystal ball.

In summer when its warm and bright  
From clouds he slyly peeps;  
In winter though it's crisp and cold  
His vigil long he keeps.

And if you watch him close at night  
Yoh'll see him wink and nod;  
For in his wise old way he knows  
He's very close to God.



## Over the Air

Michael J. Vichuras '33

A strong westerly wind swept the hills of southern Indiana, swaying the mighty oaks, loosening the crisp snow from the over-laden branches and sweeping the frozen river free of the obstructing drifts. Not far distant from the White River could be heard the gentle lowing of the cattle as a farmer closed the door against the cold blast and hurried into the snug country cottage with his milk pails. Already the faint glow of the east was spreading as the lingering stars began to disappear.

It was the morning before Thanksgiving Day, that day upon which every farmer thanked his gracious God for His manifold blessings. Andy Fitzgerald and his wife had done so for the past thirty years of their lives, ever since they had first come to clear away the brush and build their home among the white oaks and the tall jack pines. Time had dealt kindly with them, however, leaving them in



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their old age as contented as when they had first pledged their troth.

Old Andy laid the pails inside of the pantry, put his gloves and overshoes near the door, washed his hands and at the same time kept up an incessant chatter about the expected arrival of his daughter from the north.

"You know mom, I'm almost afraid that Ann has changed so much after these three years away from home that she won't be the same gal. In some ways I wish that I had never let her go but had her marry Michael McCarthy when he had asked me for her hand."

"Well, that is the way with you old fogies, Andy," replied Mrs. Fitzgerald as she was serving the breakfast, "If you can't have your hand in everything and anything, you think that it is all wrong. Don't you feel rather proud in being able to tell the neighbors that she has sung all those fancy operetas both in New York as well as in Europe, and that she has been ever so kind to us?"

Andy paused for awhile at his meal, but then he retaliated with a long premeditated answer.

"I don't care for all the honors in the world that she's earned. But if she ain't the same lass at heart that left this threshold three years ago, I solemnly maintain that this education was a flop!"

But this was nothing unusual for the old couple to go on teasing each other. Ever since Ann Fitzgerald had made her successful debut in Europe she had written to her parents that she would be at home to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with them. Consequently the household conversation had steadily drifted to the all-absorbing topic as to how much good or bad the stage had done for their only child.

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The Fitzgeralds had been planning to make this Thanksgiving Day one which would repay all those days which Ann had sacrificed by following her musical career. Andy had brought out a keg of hard cider and even his own home brew, while Mrs. Fitzgerald busied herself incessantly about the kitchen.

Following the pleasant breakfast, Andy hitched up the team and left for town. A number of his cronies had spread the word around that they were planning a stag party that afternoon in the local poolroom.

There was a beautiful evening sunset, reddening the western horizon and casting long shadows along the hilly country roads. In total ignorance of the enveloping beauty of the landscape, old Andy came riding up the cowpath leaving his team slowly jog into the yard. There was joy in his heart and he was briskly singing his old favorite, "I Wandered To-day to the Mill, Maggie." It was long since he had felt that youthful exuberance. He still clearly recalled how he and Ann were singing together as they were driving home from the country high school where she had won the singing contest.

There was the familiar lamp glowing in the kitchen bidding him a hearty welcome; and by golly, here was the old collie jumping out of the dark shadows, terrorizing the horses by nipping at their heels. But there was something missing! Usually when he returned from town, Mary would come to the door to meet him with her twinkling Irish eyes. Something was wrong since the door did not open despite the fact that the dog barked all the while.

"Vamoose, you bloody descendant of a Scotchman. By goshins, I'll have you on a water diet if



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you don't get away from those horses' heels."

He unharnessed the horses, gave them their hay and then hurried into the house fearing the worst. The usual fire was blazing in the fireplace sending up its myriads of sputtering sparks into the wide chimney, and the old cat lay nearby with its eyes closed in pretended sleep. In the huge chair alongside of the fireplace, Mrs. Fitzgerald sat with her hands in her lap. A telegram lay upon the table.

"What's wrong, mother, has something happened? I hope someone didn't send you a telegram that we boys were having a meeting of the Loyal Farmers' Association at Nub's Poolroom?"

He had hoped that it was something else besides what was uppermost in his mind, but when he received no answer, he slowly asked, "Has something happened to her? Is she sick or—? Let me see that telegram, I can't wait any longer."

There was not anything serious except that Ann had been requested by the opera company to sing at the charity concert on Thanksgiving evening. The proceeds of this performance were to buy food for the numerous hungry and destitute about the poor quarters of Chicago. She had consented knowing that her father and mother would want her to fulfill the request if it were asked of them.

Andy laid the telegram upon the table, lit his pipe, paced the room and then with that typical smile and good nature of his, drew his wife's head up, and kissed her on the forehead, merrily remarking, "Well, that is what we get for planning too much for the morrow and arguing about her. I know that she hasn't changed a bit. Do you ever recall the day when she came home on time from school if there

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was something requested of her, or if some one of her school chums was sick? She's the same old Ann that was too kind-hearted ever to think of herself, even when it meant so much to her. Don't feel so bad, Mary, just brace up and fetch me a bite to eat. By goshins, this weather makes me hungry on top of those drinks."

Thanksgiving morn was bleak and frigid. A few clouds had drawn themselves into a heavy pall threatening to fall before sunset. Inside of the Fitzgerald household, despite Andy's heroic efforts to carry a smile, there was a prevalent feeling of listlessness and gloom. The usual chores were carried out with a habit acquired during a life-time on the farm, but there was not that patting of the brindle's neck nor the merry whistle which brought the dog bounding from the kennel onto his master's lap. Yes, Andy was different today.

He remained at home for the greater part of the morning, but after fruitlessly trying to strike up a conversation with his wife he put on his mackinaw and left for town. Driving slowly along the snow covered roads he gazed upon the familiar households filled with the merry laughter of young children and old men. Yes, it was fine to have a family that was united after a year's absence. The realization of how much he would miss Ann began to weigh heavily upon him. He stopped at Michael's house. The young man was shaving, brushing his hair and in general trying to make an entirely new man out of himself. Andy had invited him over for dinner. He was still secretly hoping that Ann would be tired of the fast city life and would now be ready to settle down on the farm.



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As Andy entered the house, Michael called to him with his face covered with lather, "Has she come yet, Mr. Fitzgerald? I thought that you were not going to come over until you brought her from the station? I have—" He happened to turn around to continue the conversation, and then he saw the downcast features of the old farmer.

"No, Mike," Andy slowly spoke, "there'll be no happy gathering at the house tonight. She can't come. I came over to tell you since I was sure that you wanted to know. So long Mike."

The door closed upon the visitor leaving a chill draft into the kitchen. Michael slowly wiped his face with a towel, put back his newly pressed suit, and called to his mother, "Ma, she ain't comin'. I guess you and I'll be eating at home today. Gee, I was hopin' she would come."

When the old men, who had gathered at Nub's Poolroom to watch Ann as she alighted from the 1:09 p. m. limited, saw the old Irishman drive up, they gave him a hearty welcome. But their smiles soon died on their lips at the sight of the gloomy features. It was apparent to all what had occurred. Andy spoke a while with them, frankly informing the sympathetic gathering exactly of what had happened.

On his way home he paused at the railroad station to watch the 1:09 go through. Yes, this was the train, he thought Ann was to return on. In perfect accordance with the schedule, a very unusual thing for the country railroad, the snow covered limited stopped momentarily at the little station to take on a few passengers and unload a number of crates. He had hoped that some familiar person would alight whom he had not seen for a long time. He was mis-

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taken. There were no passengers who descended from the cozy cars.

It always gave Andy an inexpressible thrill to see the conductor wave his flag, pull in the stool and then curiously watch the train as it slowly gained its momentum and with a strong pull gradually disappear beyond the bend. Despite the gray hairs there was still the heart of a country lad within the grizzled farmer. Suddenly the station agent hailed him from a distance.

"Hey, Andy, here's a box for you that just came in. You may as well fetch it home as you never can tell what's in it. It might be the little brown jug wrapped in excelsior."

With unconcealable delight Andy carried a fairly heavy box, over which was a label with his daughter's name on it, into the wagon. He just could not imagine what was in it.

"Say, Mary," he cried, pushing his way through the door with the crate in his arms, "I got a package from Ann on the last train. Bring a hammer; I want to open it up."

Nervously Andy pulled at the nails, almost afraid that a city freak would bounce out. After removing a thick mass of protecting paper there was revealed a delicate, artistic radio. The batteries, aerial and ground wire were ready for use, together with the plans as to how to set it up. Upon the cabinet lay a sealed envelope. With trembling fingers Mrs. Fitzgerald awkwardly opened it and read,

"Dear Ma and Pa:

I'll be singing over the air tonight at 9 o'clock from WENR, Chicago. Since I could not be at home with you today, I thought that perhaps

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this radio will be able to bring my voice to the old fireside as you sit there together tonight. Ask Michael to set it up, as I know that Pa is unfamiliar with one.

Until we see each other again, I remain,  
Your daughter, Ann."

As Mrs. Fitzgerald was putting away the dishes after supper, Andy and Michael were turning the dials of the newly installed radio with untold delight. They listened in turn to Louisville, Nashville and St. Louis, being held spell-bound by each successive program. At 9 o'clock the dials rested on station WENR.

With majestic grandeur the strains of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" opened an all-master concert. After this followed a violin solo, "Liebesfreud" one of Kreisler's melodious compositions. Following their completion the announcer briefly spoke.

"You are listening to the charity concert program sponsored by the greatest performers of the Metropolitan and Chicago Civic Opera Companies. Miss Fitzgerald will now sing Gounod's immortal 'Ave Maria'."

Then was heard that voice so familiar, yet so new.

"It's she," gasped Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald paid no heed to the remark. Both were gazing away in the distance. The voice gradually died away as the song ended. Again the announcer spoke, stating that Miss Fitzgerald had personally decided to sing "The Sweetest Place on Earth to Me."

Once more that same voice flooded the humble cottage, but instead of the high, trilling contralto was heard a sweet, simple melody into which was



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bound the pent up feelings, not of the renowned opera singer, but of a simple country lass that was longing to be with the old folks at home.

Andy coughed as he wiped away a tear from the corner of his eye. He was unable to say a word but simply listened to that voice, his daughter's voice.

"Mary," he said addressing his wife, "You're crying. I hope that nothing is wrong."

"No, Andy," she answered without turning to him, "tears are often a sign of the greatest sorrow, but occasionally, the only outlet for inexpressible joy."

---

### New Dawn

Charles F. Scheidler '34

---

The horizon has hidden the sun from our view,  
But its mantle of crimson is left.  
And so fleeting time brings us a new sphere of life  
When of parents and friends we're bereft.

While the shimmering stars and the moon keep  
their guard,  
And gray Night rules as queen of the world,  
We await for the dawning and pray to the Lord  
That the banners of dawn be unfurled.

Then the sun brings us dawn and new joy with the day  
During which we must make new amends  
For the sorrow we brought to true hearts while we wait  
For that dawn where new glory attends.





My Father's Grave  
Charles Robbins '33

---

Might this grave contain the treasures  
Of some ancient potentate,  
Grasped by greed from stores of nature  
In this grave by princes cast,  
Representing there the trophies  
And the glories of the past?

Might this grave not be a symbol  
Of some power greatly shunned?  
Might it not design to favor  
Some old structure now quite hoary  
Round which hist'ry's hand has woven  
Wreaths of everlasting glory?

Might it be a golden gateway  
To some ancient kingly tomb  
That resounds with tread of ages  
Long since pined away in rime

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In the aisles of non-existence,  
In the corridors of time?

No, this grave is just my father's;  
Just my father's lonely grave!  
All alone where no one sees it,  
All alone where silence reigns;  
There is peace, there joy of slumber  
Where earth's traffic never pains.

There by darkness solely hallowed  
Lies my father well-content;  
While the cynic sons of Cronus  
Stalk about and bootless rave,  
Scatt'ring dust and scorn of ages  
O'er the silence of his grave.

Father dear, I've never labored,  
Nor by toiling did I strive  
That fair lilies, ah, sweet lilies,  
O'er your silent grave should grow!  
For I know by loved experience  
That you'd never want it so.

Since thy fondest aspiration  
Was a common, lonely grave  
Where the lilies ne'er should blossom  
And green moss alone should grow:  
Rest thou there in peace and quiet  
Till new life God will bestow.

# Nevermore and Nevermore

Kenneth Hurlow '33

---

Very recently some one insisted that I should read Poe's "Raven" over and over until every word of the poem should have burnt itself into my memory. That no other poem ever written was more suitable for recitation was urged upon me with so much grave argument that I could not resist putting the matter to a fair trial. After I had recited the poem very nearly a dozen times, the refrain, "Nevermore," had really burnt itself into my memory so deeply that no other word of the poem found any place there. When rising of mornings or when retiring at night; in the last flickering consciousness before yielding to sleep; in every moment of mental relaxation, "Nevermore" either clattered through my head like the noise made by spooks in a haunted house, or slithered out over my tongue in moments of semi-consciousness or during relaxation like the hiss of a serpent. Plainly, I came to be the victim of a word-phobia.

"The worst of misery  
Is when a nature framed for noblest things,  
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,  
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scant life,  
Gasping from out the shallows."

Yes, the worst of misery and petty joys, as every biographer of Poe will emphasize, were the annoyances that made his days seem drab and filled his nights with specters. They likewise filled his mind when "The Raven" was taking shape. Misery growing out of sorrow for his lost Lenore, petty joys, such



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as came to him, of course rarely, when he found himself seated at table before a platter well filled with sliced ham and a plate well loaded with bread in company with his young wife, Virginia Clem Poe,—joys that vanished only too often—these two torments gave him sight in utter darkness and hearing in utter quietude. It was these two torments that created the mood from which, like a brilliant moth out of an old cocoon, "The Raven" fluttered forth to haunt with depressing melancholy every mind where it should find a home. Of course it found a home in my mind after repeated recitations of the poem, (I should like to say, "confounded poem") and what I shall have to do to dislodge it is a mystery to me. I turned to one of Eugene O'Neill's dramas for the purpose of erasing "Nevermore" from my memory, but the experiment proved unsatisfactory. Where Poe is moody, O'Neill is psychotic, and both have just a little too much of the morbid to suit my personal mental make-up. Evidently, there will be no good-bye to "Nevermore" on my part.

But say what one will, the poem, "The Raven," by E .A. Poe belongs to the best poetic productions in the English or in any other language. After all is said, it may be that the hated "Nevermore" makes the poem just what it is, a spurt of real genius. I do know that it is just this refrain that has made me contemplate the meaning, search the mood, and examine the items that go into it, and the structure that holds these items together, more so than anything else connected with the poem has done. Of course poets do not write their poems as textbooks to be used in classrooms. This is what I heard my teacher say. But I do believe that if poets would more often strike a haunting refrain like "Never-



more" they would compel closer and more fruitful study of their conversation with the Muses on the part of their readers.

What came to me through this memory-plaguing refrain, "Nevermore," is just this bit of knowledge. Poe was a profoundly melancholy man. His biographers say that this depressed mood was the result of a habit that makes any and everybody melancholy—a habit that prohibition tries to cure. Poe never conquered this habit, and its resultant melancholy gave "The Raven" its being. With the mood desperately upon him, he fancies himself peering into the solid darkness and listening to the moaning wind on a bleak December night. Dreaming, doubtful, repentent, remorseful, he surveys the course of his life. To fill the cup of bitterest sorrow comes the thought of Lenore, a memory that spread its gloom over his entire life, and in this case stirred his very soul till it burned within him. An imaginary tapping at the window; flung open shutters, and the black raven of memory comes on the scene. It perches on the bust of Pallas, the goddess Minerva, the Muse that controls Poe's literary inspirations. The bust of the goddess could not speak, the stern goddess, a singular Muse, not one of the gentle nine; Poe would not receive inspiration elsewhere; the raven must be her voice, a voice that mocks his tear-felt sorrows, his every hope, his every petition by croaking the direful dirge, "Nevermore."

To me Poe's mood, flavored with the vapors of alcohol, has always been disgusting. It is an irritating mood; a sodden, restless, disquieting mood that contains all the elements of revolt, disaffection and dissatisfaction. It is the mood that pervades the

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entire poem, "The Raven". All that is necessary to make the person who has excited this mood do something desperate is to heighten it by reading and pondering the poem entitled "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," spice it a trifle with "The Bridge of Sighs;" top it off with a few sections of the hoary old "Day of Doom" and that person will feel desperate enough to be henchman to Stalin, the ruler of the Russian Soviet. This verdict may seem harsh in reference to the nature of a poetic mood, but that haunting refrain, "Nevermore," has made me think that way.

As to the idea that Poe sought to celebrate in "The Raven" there can be but one decision even in the face of the fact that there is no general agreement as to this idea, and that some men of literary repute have maintained that there is no definite idea at all. To me it seems more than evident that the central theme or idea is the expression of the most profound remorse that a man can experience at beholding his life ruined by moral weakness. Poe himself tells the story of this remorse plainly in "The Black Cat". In this tale his freakish conduct shows that he is loading his conscience more and more with the sense of wrong-doing until he feels in utter despair that the call to reform his ways must be met by the note of that dirge of helpless melancholy as sounded in the refrain of "Nevermore." There are authors in literature who have sung of melancholy, but none, as far as I could find out, have celebrated the melancholy arising from deep-seated remorse as powerfully as Poe has done in "The Raven".

All that need be said regarding the structure or art form of the poem under consideration is that it

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was produced by E. A. Poe. Other poets have been pains-taking in these matters, but none more so than Poe. As a structural artist he is hard to surpass. It was his idea, and I do not find that a similar idea was advanced by any other poet, that every mood has a form-structure all its own in which it must be given if set forth in poetry, and that just as no two human faces are alike in every characteristic, so no two moods can be made to fit on the same last or form. If a specimen of perfection in form-structure be demanded in poetic productions, then "The Raven" will serve as a splendid example.

If only some one could have forced the raven to withdraw its beak from Poe's heart, or could have prevented this dark bird from continuously harassing him, there could be no room for a second guess as to who is the greatest poet in all American Literature.





**The Sparrow**  
**Robert Dery '33**

---

I'm made by Him,  
Whose praise I am to sing  
On perch or on the wing  
Though poor, I am and weak.  
Could He forget  
To make the country green  
With blissful hippocrene  
That I in joy may live?  
I am His care,  
Though others sing more sweet,  
Their note is not more fleet  
Than mine that chirps His praise.  
His voice I hear  
That speaks to me as well  
In bush and blooming dell  
To guide me in my ways.  
I answer Him  
Mayhap, I wake or sleep  
That He may deign to keep  
Me out of way of harm.  
He is my God,  
Who gives from vintage rare  
The cup of life most fair  
Full bubbling at the brim.



# Why Am I Not You?

Herbert Kenney '33

---

Words, or more correctly sounds, are the primary means that people use to convey their thoughts to one another. These sounds serve as a sort of airy membrane to hold together the life-blood of an idea which is known as thought. Since thought is a filmy something that slips into the minds of people arbitrarily, it is but natural that the sounds by which people vocalize thought, words namely, should be called arbitrary symbols. An example will help to make this statement clear. If it were not for that foible in human life known as convention, a cow might be a pig, a husband might be a wife, and, save the mark, little fishes! I might be called YOU. I am heartily glad that I am I, and not YOU, poor fish! I'd rather be dead. It is maintained very staunchly by philologists that fundamentally every word or thought-sound is onomatopoeic, and it is for this reason, sound-sense, namely, that a cow is not a pig, and luckily I am not YOU. Of this fact I say again that I am heartily glad, thanks to onomatopoeia.

But there are people who will not have it said that thoughts are arbitrary. They claim that they get only the thoughts they want and never get thoughts they don't want. That is much like learning the words one wants and never learning those one does not want. There are good reasons to fear that things don't work that way. Surely the Crusaders during their jaunt in the Orient had no particular liking for the word, assassin, or for the thoughts it suggests, but from a story about which

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they became curious both the word and the thought came to their minds in spite of themselves. They wanted to know all about "The Old Man of the Mountain", who was said to live in a gorgeous palace surrounded by resplendent gardens that were filled with trees whose trunks were gold, whose branches, silver, and whose fruit, rare gems. The one and only drink he offered to his visitors was named "hashish". A mere sip of this drink was required to render them impervious to sickness and death, but it likewise made them impervious to mercy. Armed in this way, they could be sent out to maraud, burn, or kill at their pleasure, at the behest of "The Old Man of the Mountain". Once the Crusaders learned the significance of "hashish", they quickly turned the word into "assassin"—wanton killer. They may not have liked the word, but onomatopoeia and the story brought it home to them.

Almost everything that is wrong with the world today is attributed to what is commonly denominated as "jazz-age". Jazz is responsible for the depression; jazz has produced shallow-minded youth; jazz makes boys and girls smoke cigarettes; jazz makes children disobedient to their parents. There can be no doubt that the snake which spoke to Eve in the garden of Eden was a jazz-snake—the source of all evil. If only the word would leave all living languages, possibly, its train of evils would depart with it. Philologically its origin is obscure, and etiologically it is vicious. But at present it takes care of all the evil environment outside of man's organism, while another dreaded word takes care of all his internal disturbances. This latter word is "bacteria". The time is not so far off when instead of the conven-



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tional "How do you do?" one will find it necessary to ask "How are your bacteria?" Almost a hundred years ago bacteria were discovered, and since they were found to look like little sticks, the Latin word, "baculus", came in handy to give the word a standing in all living languages—only one of the many evils that Latin has brought upon the human race outside of Virgil's "Aeneid". If only the discoverer of bacteria had put off his discovery until modern times, for then his little evil-doers would have received a more intelligible name, a name something like "machine gun" for they really are deadly, or, perhaps, "bootleggers of death" would suit them better. But onomatopoeia might not stand for this change—there is the rub.

One of the most serious indictments of paganism is that it had no stabilized code of ethics or morals. It may all be that in paganism, civilization was not up to snuff as surely it is at the present day, but there must have been some code of morals prevailing as is evident from the nation-wide use of a word employed to explain the morals of gangsters right here and now, and surely in paganism this variety of social reprobate had its being. The word used in this connection is "lymph". Accordingly as this lymph abounds more or less in the system, a person is said to be bad, a little worse than bad, or he may possess a superlative inclination to evil. The lymph ducts are said to be situated in the cranium. Since lymph is a watery substance, the term, lymphatic disposition, is only a polite way of saying that this or that poor fellow has water on the brain. Indications of such a disposition are taking pleasure in silly talk and burlesque shows of the "Main Street" var-



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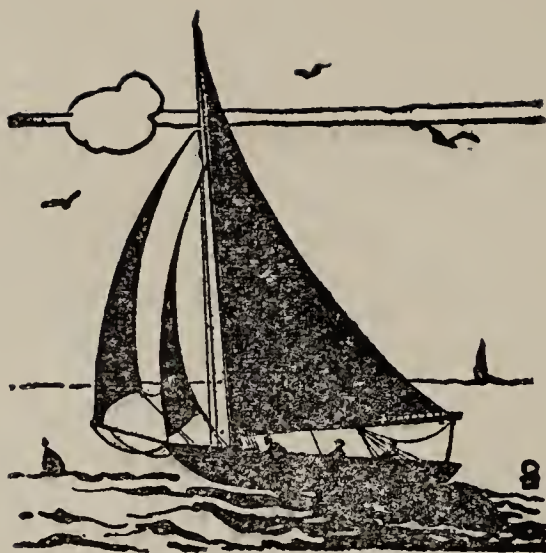
iety. The ancients believed that this kind of lunacy resulted from the fact that the gods poured water on the brains of people; hence the origin of the term "lymphatic". Surely a man has more than his proper share of water on the brain if he never tires of the so-called amusements that are intended to relieve jaded nerves at the present time. Yes, it is plain that the ancients in producing the word "lymph", had some idea of morals, or was it due only to their love of onomatopoeia?

However much the ancients are to be praised for inventing words that now stand everybody in good stead, they surely deserve blame for contriving a story in which the word, "Tantalus", holds the chief place. People love stories, and so they had to rummage about among the stories of the ancients until they found this miserable word and dragged it into modern usage together with all the mischief that it implies. It is only too well known that once people know a word, they will try to translate its meaning into action. Hence there are so many people who are tantalizing in their looks, attitude, and promises. They say one thing and mean another, and they mean one thing and say another. It would have been better for mankind if "Tantalus" had remained hidden in that ancient story. But, no, people are too much like Pandora to allow a hidden blessing to remain with them. They must tear it into bits, and then wonder why it does not continue operating. But it is a word of such nice sound that all its mischief may well be condoned because of its excellent onomatopoeia—"Tantalus", who would not want to be tantalized? Every big feast has something tantalizing about it;

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politics even tantalize by threatening to take away Prohibition!

Of course onomatopoeia may not be the only well-spring from which words have bubbled into existence. Learned men would not agree to so simple a formula. They want philology with all its intricate rules; they would laugh at the idea that words originate through stories, for the story tellers themselves had to get them somewhere. "Words," they say, "are stricken from the heights of human experience." So they are. Here is an instance. When in former times laborers became vexed at a machine, or if they turned malicious or went on a strike, they committed "sabotage", which means that they threw their wooden shoes into the cogs of a machine to wreck it. The word is derived from the French "sabot", a wooden shoe. Such doings always belong to the heights of human experience, and as such they may well be called incidents in the affairs of life. Incident, therefore, together with onomatopoeia and stories, is responsible for originating words and making them current, and one of these three must answer the question, "WHY I AM NOT YOU?" The writer of these lines has concluded that it must be onomatopoeia, and he thanks this happy device for keeping him from being mistaken for anybody else.



## Desire

Urban J. Wurm '33

---

Take me where the wild winds cry;  
Let me hear the waters fall;  
Lead me to yon mountain high  
Where the screaming eagles call;

Up where winds through treetops tear;  
Where the brushes writhe in pain;  
Where the skies with thunder flare  
Rending clouds to bring the rain.

Let me watch the flight of life,  
True as ever it has been;  
Through this struggle and this strife,  
Let me see the souls that win.



# I'll Never Talk Again

Walter Steiger '33

---

"Fare thee well, Doudet, perhaps we shall never meet again. In past years our life courses ran so close together that we could not fail to be sidekicks, now, however, that our contract for radio work has expired, we shall have to do as the unemployed, namely, face the world for better or for worse. Yes, face the world that owes us a living, but we shall have to go and get it. This going and getting in order to secure a living may well bring us as far apart as hot and cold climates."

Upon saying these words, Alonzo Ventrilo gave a farewell handshake to his friend who for several years had been his associate in radio broadcasting. Joules Doudet, Alonzo's friend, was no less profuse in bidding good-bye, and as the train he chose to take left the station, he leaned out of the car window and called to Alonzo:

"If you find it hard to make a living, remember the tricks that we often put into the tramp stories which we sent out to amuse our audiences." With this parting admonition, he left his friend to the kindness of fortune.

"It is your good luck, Doudet," mused Alonzo, "that you at least have saved enough money to carry you to your destination, as for me, though my home, New York, is not more than twenty miles distant, yet twenty miles is a great way to hoof without a dime in one's pocket. But I'll have to do it, and there's nothing like doing at once what must be done."

After covering four fatiguing miles, he halted at

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a pretentious little town that was well known to him. After walking the streets for a few minutes, the thought occurred to him that here it might be possible to land a job. Just at the moment when he decided to try his luck in this matter, he found himself at the front of a pawnbroker's establishment. The display windows filled with jewelry, trophies and heirlooms of many kinds appeared inviting. Following his resolution, he made application for work at this place.

"Yea, yea," grunted a grizzly looking creature who claimed to be the proprietor of the shop, "you can have work here for a little while, but be on the square, sir, be on the square. So many people are untrustworthy. Here is an old vase that I would have you polish. Note that it is decorated with gems. Let me see—er—yes, there are fifteen of them on the vase. Be careful, sir, don't let any of them get into your pockets, sir. Yes, so many people are untrustworthy. But get to work. Here are water, rags, and polish."

After two hours' of busy work, in which he had been urged on to hurry in the thought that the finished job would bring him the price of a lunch, Alonzo brought the vase, now looking clean and bright as new, to the proprietor. Hopefully he looked forward to pay, not only that, but to a bit of praise for good work besides.

The proprietor grinned, took the vase, surveyed it calmly and after a pause, began to count the gems. Presently his face took on a look that beat anything like Scrooge at his worst.

"You thief, you dog, you scoundrel," he roared at Alonzo. "Get out of this place quicker than lightning!"

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There were seventeen gems on this vase, and two of the best are missing. I'll have you searched! Oh, why did I trust you? I should have known—oh, yes, —people are so untrustworthy!”

“Sir,” Alonzo tried to interpose, “you counted—”

“Counted seventeen, counted seventeen gems, yes, you thieving dog, out of this place, or I'll knock the goldfilled teeth out of your mouth and keep the gold in payment for my loss!”

Saying these words, he made a lurch forward that sent Alonzo scurrying to the street. His hope for pay and lunch had vanished. In his chagrin and fury at being cheated and at being treated like a dog besides, he could not think of anything else but to get even with that rascally pawnbroker. But how was he to get even? Any attempt that he might make would surely result in trouble, and he had no money to buy his way out of trouble. The only thing left to him was to take what had happened quietly and go his way.

Walking along the street, hot with rage, hunger in his stomach, he recalled what he had so often heard, namely, that the world owes everybody a living, and all that one has to do is “go and get it.” Yes he was going for it, going, only to keep on going. But, the thought occurred to him, had not his friend, Doudet, in his parting admonition told him what to do, if he should find it hard to make a living? “Remember,” he said, “what we often put into tramp stories which we sent out to amuse our audiences.”

A crashing noise in the nearby underbrush brought Alonzo out of revery. From the thicket emerged a shaggy, yellow dog. A few compelling



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whistles from Alonzo brought the stray dog into his company. He now had a companion, and the next step for him to take was to provide a stage setting that would bring in food and money. Had not a man and a dog often been the only characters in delightful little dramas that were sent over the air to entertain radio fans? Yes, even dogs had spoken over radios by help of their master's art—the art of ventriloquism. That art in fact was one of his personal accomplishments. Had he not sought to advertise himself as an expert ventriloquist by changing his surname to "Ventrilo"? With all this equipment at hand, he now felt that he should be able to put into effect the advice of his friend, Doudet, "Remember what we often put into tramp stories which we sent out to amuse our audiences."

Of course, there was a great deal of difference in telling tramp stories over the radio and in carrying out such stories before the eyes of people, but Alonzo was bound to try his luck. If the world owed him a living, he was determined to "go and get it", come what might to prevent him. His first venture was to call at the back door of a rather modest looking dwelling for a bite to eat. As he did not wish to do any begging personally, he resolved to make the dog do it, feeling certain, as he did, that the dog would meet with more favor with the lady of the house than he himself would find. As the lady appeared, the dog sat up and seemingly said in clear words:

"Please, lady, would you kindly give a meal to me and my friend who cannot speak?"

The lady was so astonished that she stood as if frozen to the spot with fear. She stared wildly at

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the dog unable to say anything in reply or to move. Again the dog uttered the same words only in a more begging and whining tone with the result that the lady fled yelling and screaming to her husband. In a moment the husband showed up with a chair in his hand ready to make an end to what his wife had evidently mistaken as an apparition of the living devil. Alonzo and his wonderful dog did not wait to feel the weight of the chair but betook themselves to the open street with all speed. Yes, the world owes everybody a living, so Alonzo pondered, but this time he came near having all life knocked out of himself. But hunger would not be satisfied by rough treatment. To tempt good luck again with the hope of ultimate success had now become an urgent task for him. According to the advice of his friend he had tried a radio trick in order to get even a little food, but had failed in that. He was sheerly perplexed at the way the world treated him in the face of the fact that it owed him a living.

Not far down the street along which he was walking accompanied by his faithful dog, he spied the large and inviting sign of a restaurant. That sign was a definite invitation to eat, but by now Alonzo had discovered that the world owes a man a living only if he pays for it, and pay for it, how could he with not a dime in his pockets? But he would try the restaurant and would try his trick once more; this time, as he hoped, on a real he-man.

The restaurant keeper proved to be all that Alonzo wanted to see in a man. He was talkative and jovial and even snapped and whistled at the dog. Taking chance at its worth, Alonzo ordered a full-sized dinner. He gave no attention to the dog

who all the while whined to attract notice. Only when the whining turned into outright barking, and the restaurant keeper frowned at the noise, did Alonzo think it proper to stage the trick by which he was to secure the wherewithal to pay for his meal and for the food that possibly might come to his dog.

"Sir, I would have a ham sandwich; I would have a ham sandwich or two, sir," came from the dog in the midst of his whinings in very clear words.

The trick began to work. Two sandwiches went to the dog who between barks spoke his thanks very noisily to the great amusement of the restaurant keeper. Meanwhile Alonzo quietly finished his meal. As he rose from the table, he found the man fondling the dog very excitedly.

"How much will you take for him?" came the inquiry.

"Twenty-five dollars, together with the meal I've had," returned Alonzo.

"He's mine," said the restaurant keeper and handed out the money.

Pushing the money into his pocket, Alonzo turned to leave the restaurant. Immediately the dog howled and barked and made every effort to be off with his former master. His present owner had difficulty restraining him. As Alonzo cast a parting glance at the dog, the words came slowly and distinctly from the canine jaws,

"I'll never talk again!"

With twenty-five dollars in his pocket and a meal to the good, Alonzo felt that he could face the remainder of that eventful day with pleasure. Chuckling to himself, he said, "What I've learnt is that the world owes everybody a living who is shrewd



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enough to get it. My way of getting a living may not be considered as being above board by everybody, but:

‘He who buys with side unseen,  
Fruitlessly will vent his spleen’.”

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### Cards

John A. Dalton, '34

---

Across the table cards are played:  
A club, a diamond, heart and spade,—  
Peculiar hand: the shuffle's done.  
What strange gifts Fate has for each one!

A club for strength of each in need;  
The diamond fills the miser's greed;  
A heart for love of man and wife;  
A spade that marks the end of life.

---

### Rules

Rudolph Kuhn '34

There ain't no use,  
New rules to make—  
We've got more now  
Than we can break!

## In Flanders Hallowed Ground

William H. Pank '34

---

They lie in Flanders hallowed ground;  
A cross at every head  
To mark the place where now they rest  
Those noble, valiant dead.

A place where every flag on earth  
Should wave in breezes high  
Above the graves of those who fought  
That right should never die.

That flag which stood for land and home,  
And all that they held dear,  
Could never suffer shame or wrong  
As long as they were here.

They further fought that peace should reign  
Throughout this world of strife,  
And for this cause, these cherished sons  
Paid with their love and life.

But hard sought peace arrived too late  
To save these brave and bold,  
For they had passed to greater peace  
And won their crowns of gold.

# “Lay On MacDuff”

Alfred Horrigan '34

---

On the bloody battle field of Dunsinane stand two warriors. Grim, blood-covered, desperate Macbeth has at last been brought to bay. Macduff, deadly belligerent even as he leans panting on his sword, seems to utter a challenge for an immediate renewal of combat. Weariedly the king refuses. A few more words, a stinging taunt from Macduff, and then a surprising change occurs. Macbeth's shield leaps from the ground and his mighty sword flashes in a blazing arc around his head as he plunges forward, to throw away his life in one desperate “beau geste.”

As we follow the thrilling enactment of this scene in Shakespeare's “most glorious tragedy,” our sentiments can not but be mingled. Courage of the type just displayed has from the most ancient times been a virtue which has never failed to waken warm approbation and admiration in human hearts. Yet we ask ourselves; “Is this the cowardly Macbeth, he who slew sleeping men and helpless women and children, who raved about invisible daggers, who depended for moral support on the fantastical promises of perverted fiends? What has wrought the drastic change?” A careful analysis of the play answers this question and leads to a very illuminating discovery. From his introduction as a mighty general, through his career as a half crazed tyrant, to his heroic exit as a fighting king, Macbeth has passed through a complete cycle.

Of Macbeth's pristine bravery there is no doubt. Messengers, courtiers, and king attest to the fact.



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Our mental picture, therefore, is of a man who fears nothing and whose sole dependence is on himself and his trusty sword. The period of decline commences with his first encounter with the witches. At the outset he is too much the hardened veteran of many a bloody campaign to be very susceptible to the "Hokus-pokus" of the fiends, but soon his "tell me more" instinct is aroused and the die is cast. The subsequent developments can now be seen to be only a matter of time. Capable and energetic, aggressive even to the point of rashness, he yet lacks inspiration and direction. Now for probably the first time in his life he is relying on some support other than his own power, and this of a weird, fantastic sort which for a man of his acute conscience and morbid imagination spells disaster in huge letters of red.

Into his visionary mind the witches have dropped their fatal suggestion. Quickly it has become a living thing, usurping the vacant throne of his soul, ruling there as the Spirit of Murder. His subjection to the witches would not have developed so rapidly were it not for the momentum imparted by the sudden fulfilment of the first promise. At this stage we perceive him evolving into the pitiful wretch he is to remain up to the very end. Torn by moral considerations on one hand, urged on by the tigerish goadings of his implacable spouse (who certainly proves Mr. Kipling's "the female of the species is more deadly than the male") on the other hand, he is the prey of distorted phantasma, his manhood drops from him and he is finally left a rudderless derelict, the victim of passions, hallucinations, superstitions.

This deplorable condition is only augmented by

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the murder of Duncan and Banquo and his ascent to the throne. He is almost half crazed by remorse of conscience, fear for the future, and the royal destiny foretold to the seed of Banquo. In the madman who now plunges upon a career of crime, endeavoring to remove from his path to the goal (of which he himself has almost lost sight) all obstacles, fancied or real, we could never recognize the manly, gallant gentleman of the opening scene.

Meanwhile in spite of his hapless condition, Macbeth's confidence in the veracity of the witches begins to waver. Snapping under the strain of these mental doubts, he at length resolves to pay the weird sisters another visit, reasoning that: "for mine own good all causes shall give way." The immediate result is another prophecy—a fourfold one. The two parts concerning his safety, namely, that he has nothing to fear from his enemies until Birnam Wood moves to Dunsinane and that no one born of woman has the power to injure him, he clutches at with maniacal blindness. The disordered state of his mind can be somewhat appreciated from his failure even to associate the warning against Macduff and his promised immunity from anyone born of woman. In regard to the now repeated prediction of the imperial destiny of Banquo's descendants, he refuses with all the stubbornness born of terror to do so much as consider it.

Even at this time, nevertheless, we can almost notice the first change for the better. It is now nearly as much as Macbeth can do, struggle as he will with all his concentrated powers, to force himself to continue his explicit reliance on the promises of his praeternatural associates. He has been sticking his head in the sand in proverbial ostrich fashion, and



absolutely refusing to face the facts. Now in spite of all his attempts at self-deception he can no longer succeed in blinding himself altogether to the truth; and the growing doubts only add to his misery.

As the beginning of the end approaches, we can easily discern the rapid increase of his disillusionment and skepticism. Yet even after the siege of his castle has set in, he refuses to relinquish the last remnants of his hopes but clings to them with the desperation born of despair. Then comes the first awful shock. A bewildered messenger announces, strange as it may seem, Birnam Wood is apparently approaching the castle. For the moment Macbeth's reason totters, and for earth, heaven, men, events, he loses all sense of value and association. The impossible has come to pass! He stands in a naked universe with one single blazing thought throbbing through his tortured brain. Birnam Wood has come to Dunsinane.

Then a mighty shudder passes over his wearied being, and the man, Macbeth, slowly begins to reappear. He deliberately expresses his doubts about the "equivocation of the fiends" for practically the first time. With a Herculean effort he summons all his mental and physical forces and resolves to go forth and meet the foe with the battle cry whose essence has rung forth in every language of the world: "At least we die with harness on our back."

Yet in spite of his renunciation of the witches and his returning independence, the prophecies have become such a vital part of him that in a subconscious manner he still adheres to the final promise that no one born of woman shall have the power to harm him. This feeling continues to grow on him during the ensuing battle as he repeatedly passes



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through the thickest of the fray unscathed.

Now begins the final episode of the gripping drama as Macduff bursts upon the scene with his blood curdling battle cry, "Turn, Hell-hound!" At first Macbeth is reluctant to accept the issue, but when forced begins to defend himself in a half-hearted manner and the fight is on. Then comes a moment's respite as both men lean panting on their swords. Macbeth is sick at heart and weary of strife and has no desire to continue the battle. Consequently as they stand glaring at each other, he endeavors to intimidate his foe with the threat of the final prophecy. In return comes from Macduff, as a mocking smile curls his lip, the dread retort concerning his premature birth.

Again, as when the approach of Birnam Wood was announced to him, the effect of the shock on Macbeth is dynamic to the fullest extent. But now the reaction is more rapid. Finally the last double-meaning prediction of the witches has been exposed and he now stands alone. The words of Macduff seem to be the "Open Sesame" which unlocks all the manly qualities lying more or less dormant since his first encounter with the weird sisters. His weakness and superstitions drop from him like a discarded mantle; his brain clears, and there is a rush of his pristine valor. Gathering all his faculties, he utters his immortal defiance; "Yet will I try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff! and damned be him who first cries, "Hold, enough!"

And even as we listen to his cry, in far off Thermopylae a rocky crag gently echoes it to the plain of Marathon, and soft breezes lightly whisper it to the phantoms of the Old Guard as they keep eternal midnight vigil on the field of Waterloo.

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# EDITORIALS



## WHY EXAMS?

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“Why should there be exams?” is a question frequently asked by students. Especially is this a frequent query about the time of examinations. It seems, however, that examinations are an indispensable requisite of the human race. For after all what is life but a continual examination, with ourselves as the subjects and our fellow men as the examiners. After death has snatched us away, history then adds up the score and if we have done our best and made good use of our opportunities we may be assured that a niche, however small, has been reserved for us.

The very fact that examinations have been known and practiced ever since education first began to take form, is sufficient evidence that they have been regarded as highly important for the student. Examinations are to the student what training is to the soldier. By constant practice the soldier learns to be precise, to work with his fellows and to gauge his movements by the other fellows. The student by means of examinations is taught to think precisely, for a muddled brain will not get very far in an examination. They also serve the purpose of bringing back to memory knowledge that would otherwise have been lost in the oblivion of forgetfulness.

Of course the student like the prize-fighter must always be in training. A student who does his best



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during the quarter has nothing to fear when examinations roll around. For myself I often like to picture preparation for examinations as the laying out of plans by a general before a battle. By hard studying I seek to plug up every loop-hole through which the opposing general (the professor) might send disastrous shots. By superficial study I seek to camouflage my weaknesses. But sometimes after an examination I gather up the broken fragments of my defense, for it seems as though the professor has an uncanny knowledge of my weaknesses, and at that spot he aims all of his shots. But on the other hand what a joy it is to come from one of these skirmishes unscathed! And that is what we want to do and what we can do if we inaugurate a campaign to: "Do your studying early." Do you still ask: "Why exams?"

H. P. K.

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## THANKSGIVING

Between the vast number of campaign promises now being showered on the public it is indeed a pleasure to read one message from the president that we know will materialize. Each year the president in a message to the American people sets aside the last Thursday in November as a special day in which the nation shall give thanks to their God for the benefits they have received. Surely America has reason to be more thankful than any other nation, endowed as it is beyond all others in natural resources. Thanksgiving Day, was started over three hundred years ago by the Puritans in New England. Realizing the deep debt of gratitude they owed the Creator they decided to set aside one day in the year in order to thank Him. When the idea of eating

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all the turkey one could hold crept in, I do not know. Anyway that seems to be the status of the feast at the present day. But the underlying motive of the feast, namely thanks to God, has not been lost. In view of this fact, it does not seem rash to say that the government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth as long as they continue to celebrate the feast of Thanksgiving. God is just, He will not allow a nation which has set aside one day in the year to thank Him for the gifts he has showered upon that nation, to fall into decadence. Then let us continue to keep alive this sentiment of thanks in the feast of Thanksgiving.

H. P. K.





The first edition of the "Marywood Bay Leaf" was very interesting and it was a pleasure to read it. Although the style of the magazine is far from effeminate there is an atmosphere of feminine delicacy pervading its pages that gives the subject matter a certain quaintness peculiar to itself.

Upon reading the first prose article in the "Bay Leaf," it becomes evident why the publication received the All American Honor Rating of the N. S. P. A. There is artistry in that essay entitled "Elinor Wylie", and a depth of comprehension. The same is true of "Agnes Repplier" by the editor, Edna Fluegel. The stories, however, in the October issue do not come up to the standard of the essays, and it is really hard to see how they could. All in all the "Bay Leaf" is worth reading; but after I finished it myself, I exclaimed, "What, no jokes!" And then I did not know whether to criticize the magazine for that omission or to compliment it. Perhaps either would be in place.

There is one thing in the "Calumet Cosmos" that deserves special mention. It is the story "Young Bitterness and a Blood-red Rosary", by Regina Brown. The style is fascinating, very fascinating. Although the story is unfinished as yet, there is evidence of a systematic plot and a single impression. I hope that the ending of this story will be as good as the beginning.

THE COLLEGIAN of Saint Mary's, California, is a real college journal in the true sense of the word.



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There is a push and dash in most of the write-ups that makes reading a pleasure. There's a high type of literary material too. THE COLLEGIAN evidently believes in variety.

It was gratifying to notice the distinct Catholic flavor in the HIGH SCHOOL NEWS from Sts. Peter and Paul High School, Ottawa, Ohio. Religion is not a shunned topic in its pages by any means. We know from experience this is a subject which easily becomes tiresome when it takes on the appearance of preachiness, but when skillfully done there is nothing more interesting.

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### TUDOR SUNSET

By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward

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Much has been written about Queen Elizabeth. Some authors extol her, and others berate her character. Lytton Strachey in his work, "Elizabeth and Essex," emphasizes and deplores the physical conditions and the moral laxity of Queen Elizabeth. The best article on the Queen and her times that I have read is a series by Hilaire Belloc in "The Sign," a publication by the Passionists Fathers. Besides essays on Mary Queen of Scots, Anne Boleyn, and Catherine of Aragon, there is a very enlightening as well as interesting one on Elizabeth herself. Belloc is neither pro nor con but presents the facts as they

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are. This series furnishes us with a considerable insight into English life of that day.

Now, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has written her "Tudor Sunset," a novel dealing with the last years of Elizabeth's reign. Mrs. Ward has woven a fascinating love story around her heroine, Meg Scrope, a maid-of-honor and Captain Richard Whitlock, dashing and poetic captain of the Queen's guards. Meg Scrope came to court by mere chance. There she with other maids-of-honor had to conceal her Catholic religion because of the persecution inaugurated against the Catholics. Captain Richard Whitlock, at first careless about his religion, was first affected by the scene of the death of John Rigsby, a recusant, who would not enter the English Church. Interest in the Catholic religion soon followed; he was converted. He later became the intimate friend of many Catholics, especially James Duckett, a bookseller and also a recusant.

The author visualizes for us the many martyr scenes that took place almost daily; she introduces us to the good Samaritans: Lady Arundel, the widow of the famous Lord Howard; Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest in disguise; and Luisa, a Spanish princess. She places before us the cunning Cecil, the contemptible Topcliffe, and lastly Queen Elizabeth herself just as she was, her faulty and good qualities neither aggravated nor ameliorated.

Although "Tudor Sunset" is primarily fiction, nevertheless, it is based on authenticated facts of history. Some privileges, indeed, are taken concerning the minor characters, especially the inclusion of Luisa de Carvajal, the Spanish princess. But these are so slight that we may pass over them in



silence. So, in all truth, we can say that "Tudor Sunset" reveals facts about Elizabeth and her times which have not been successfully portrayed through the medium of biography or history. It is a vivid narrative. Perhaps Mrs. Ward writes with so much enthusiasm, romance, and chivalry because she has inherited this penchant from her distant relative, Sir Walter Scott.

J. L. A.

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### VITAL CATHOLICISM

#### "The Burning Bush" by Sigrid Undset

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Of controversy there is no end. So says the News Letter of the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club in discussing the latest novel of Sigrid Undset, "The Burning Bush." To me this remark appears to be the keystone of the entire Undset situation. When the now famous seeress of Norway first startled the modern world with her tremendous "Kristin Lavransdatter," there arose such mingled cries of praise, of commendation, of warm approbation, of indignant warning that it almost appeared as though the critics had gone mad. The more liberal saw in this masterpiece an epic of stark, unpretentious, naked humanity whose terrific power dwarfed anything else of its kind produced during our generation. The more Victorian litterateurs seemed to be unable to step back and admire the sweeping strokes with which the artist painted a picture of raw, bleeding passions and saw only the more proximate sordidness, realism and the undoubtable touches of Anglo-Saxon indecency or Continental bluntness.

Mrs. Undset's later works, "The Master of Hest-



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viken" and "The Wild Orchid," only added fuel to the flames. The same things that had been said before at the precipitation of the argument were said again, but this time more decidedly and with more conviction on both sides. When the battle had somewhat subsided and the two camps were taking a slight breathing spell, Mrs. Uundset, who, unperturbed by the raging storm, had been writing quietly and steadily through the long Norwegian nights, unobtrusively gave to the world "The Burning Bush."

The fate of this book, however, was quite different from that experienced by its predecessors. In it the most unbending critic could find nothing really objectionable. Gone were the cries of "Unclean! Unclean!" Again a vibrant, pulsating story of human emotions had been told, but this time the emotions "glowed without the consuming fire of passion." The dispute among the Catholic critics was at an end, and was now where it rightfully belonged, between the adherents of Catholicity and the Philistines. The Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club has recommended the book expressly, without qualms of conscience, to all sane adult readers.

"The Burning Bush" is first of all a masterpiece of literary craftsmanship. The objective conception, the execution, the laborious attention to minute detail, the discriminative choice of effect and counter-effect added to the author's unerring sense of literary tints and colorings, would of themselves have won wide spread recognition. But "The Burning Bush" is more than a technical triumph. It is the story of real, every day Catholicism that becomes the over-powering factor in the life of a modern intelligent man who is human with a vengeance.

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To quote again from the News Letter, "She has made her Catholicism the dominant purpose and controlling force of the novel."

But there is always the least bit of a cloud to mar the clearest horizon. It has been suggested that due to the author's partial sacrifice of graphic and realistic detail "The Burning Bush," in an abstract sense, is not perhaps so great a book as some of her former. I simply offer this as a comment provocative of thought, as it would be more than futile to endeavor to come to any sort of satisfactory conclusion on this point.

Be that as it may, "The Burning Bush" has won for itself a place in modern literature and to all appearances will probably be very widely read as the manner in which Sigrid Undset offers such a complete exposition of Catholicism, will appeal to the intellect of the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic reader, who is interested in literature for its own sake.

A. H.



A bit of news has just been received that two of St. Joe's campus men, William "Bill" Koehl '32, and Joseph "Jiggs" Zeigler '33, are in attendance at John Carroll University this year. The two Cleveland men seem to be partial to their home town and its environment, but we hope that they are not so en-



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grossed as to forget their Alma Mater. Let us hear from you occasionally.

Tyre Forsee '34, the star football center for his class while at St. Joe's, is center for the Freshmen at University of Louisville this year. All of Tyre's friends at St. Joe's are for him and wish him the best of luck.

Lawrence Brown, Matthew Lang, Robert Sorg, and Joseph Wittkofski, all of the class of '32, have made known their whereabouts. Joseph Wittkofski and Matthew Lang have taken up their abode at St. Gregory's. The others are keeping up the old class spirit with the boys at St. Meinrad's.

A letter from William "Whitey" Coleman, Assistant Editor on last year's COLLEGIAN staff, was received and greatly appreciated. He extends congratulations on the October issue and wishes for success in the future work on our journal. Thanks, "Whitey." We, the present staff members, know that you speak with the sincerity which marked your success while at St. Joe's.

More news from St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. Due to the absence of an organization similar to that of the C. L. S., the class of '32, now attending St. Gregory's, has inaugurated a club whose aim is to encourage ability in public speaking. The weekly meetings, according to reports, are both interesting and instructive. They ought to be, with Whitey Coleman as the president and Jim Conroy doing the dirty work. (He is critic for the society.) The COLLEGIAN wishes you success in your new endeavor.

Thomas Duris formerly of '32 is also attending St. Gregory's. Don't let the name fool you; it is



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just a slight change from Gyris to Duris. While at St. Joe's, Tom took an active interest in Turner Hall, where he was a skillful performer.

"Our Touchdown Man"—That's what Central High School in Toledo calls Steve Toth. Steve was a member of '33. We still remember his congenial smile and his exceptional skill on the gridiron. He is ranked as one of the best ball carriers in the city of Toledo.

Donald "Buzz" Besanceney, (I hope that name is spelled correctly) also of '33, has changed his address from Fremont to Toledo. "You can't keep a good man down," and although your class keenly feels your absence from its ranks, it is with you for success in whatever you undertake.

Extra! A letter from Honolulu! The writer, who desires not to have his name mentioned, writes that, on running across a copy of St. Joe's COLLEGIAN, he sat down and spent his most enjoyable hour since he left St. Joseph's eight or ten years ago. He has a mania for traveling and seeing the world. In his lengthy letter he gives a vivid and cheerful description of the islands he has visited in the Pacific.

Richard Biggins and Frederick Follmar, both former members of '33, are attending Notre Dame. The best of luck is our sincerest wish to these old class men.

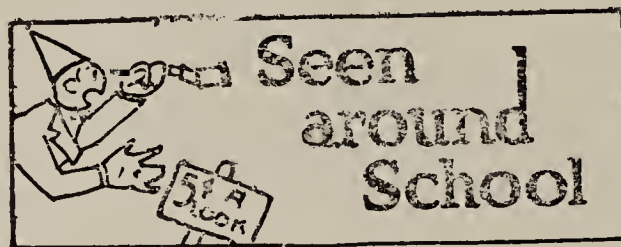
James "Red" Dwyer, also of '33, has continued his studies at St. John's College in Toledo, Ohio. Red says that he would like to be back at St. Joseph's for just another year. Keep up the old spirit, Red, and you will succeed wherever you are.

It is rumored that the increase in the postage

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rate is considerably reducing the number of letters received at St. Joe's. I am almost inclined to believe it. More news from Alumni will be received with appreciation. Keep up that bond of friendship that was formed while you were students at St. Joseph's.

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### NEW DESIGNS

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Perhaps a number of students would like to know the designer of the Collegian cover together with the Raleigh Smoking Club and the D. M. U. cuts. Martin Greven, a former member of the class of '36, has indirectly portrayed his ability as a designer by adequately preparing these new and original cuts.

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### A SENIOR OUTING

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"There are bitter, cold, snowy, Sundays in midwinter when one hugs the cheerless radiator and, shivering in chilly discomfort, wishes that Sundays were months instead of days apart. There are stifling, sticky, sweltering Sundays in midsummer when one prays, if he can pray at all, for the night to come. And there are blustering, rainy, sleety, dismal, Sundays in the fall when the dead hours go by in funeral procession and the world seems a gloomy tomb." But a Sunday in sunny, fresh October? Oh, that is different. The air is balmy, sweet,

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and redolent, with the aroma of autumnal harvests.

Just such a perfect day was October 2, 1932. Solemn High Mass, a procession to the Grotto, and Benediction completed the services for the day. The afternoon was to be wholly free. The initial football game of the season was to be held, which meant a great deal to some. The New York Yanks were making their last raid on the poor Cubs, which meant a great deal to others. But to the Seniors, all this meant very little. For by previous arrangement and permission, they were to stage their annual "wienie" roast in some cozy haunt of the local countryside.

Shortly after everyone had arrived at the old and traditional rendezvous—the college gravel pit—a heated dissension among the troops broke out. A number of the students refusing to abide by the laws of ordinary society, declared themselves the outlaws of "come-and-fight-us". Thereupon two caustically opposing forces arranged themselves in battle array, and a most astounding battle ensued. Hedge apples were flying right and left, spending their force on the unwary. The spirit of Robin Hood was not to be downed, and the outlaws under the starring rebels, Riedlinger and Steiger defied extrication and defeat. But even their wiles and prowess eventually succumbed to a concerted drive of the regulars under the flying banners of Tom Danehy and Dick Connelly.

Len Fullenkamp then announced that there was supposed to be a "wienie" roast that afternoon, stating also that the "hot dogs" were getting restless and needed some severe punishment for their refractory conduct. It soon came to light that Barney Kuhns had been a dog catcher and headed many a dog raid. He assured the crowd of his ability to



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domesticate successfully innocent canines. What-a-man Kuhns! It is too bad that the world has not more men who recognize their abilities as well as Barney does.

The afternoon was about to end in a quiet fashion when "Peanuts" Ritter in an attempt to hurdle a barbed wire fence, fell and landed in a heap of "ask me no questions". As "Peanuts" was the one suffering, the crowd was ruthlessly unsympathetic. Leaving him to follow in their footsteps, they all went on home, happy and jubilant over a none-more-perfect day.

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### CLASS OFFICERS

The seniors have set their class ship sailing over the waves of the Scholastic Year '32 and '33. Her able crew placed two outstanding men at the helm: Leonard Fullenkamp as President and Raymond Leonard in the office of Secretary-Treasurer.

Under their guidance the good ship, brilliantly colored with canary yellow and French blue, cannot depart from that channel which safely leads to the desired port—Graduation.

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### SENIOR PERSONALITIES

Ritter's vandalism again crept out when he tried to blow up the chemistry laboratory by the rapid oxidation of hydrogen. (Honest, that's what it was). Remember, "Peanuts", success comes with constant repetition.

It seemed rather strange to see Stan Manoski tickling Tom Danehy. Upon further investigation, however, it was learned that he was attempting to produce a laugh at Pike's jokes.

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Rumor has it, that "Uncle Bill" Voors sat through an entire class without asking a single question. Some people are queer, aren't they?

Pike has made the formal announcement that he will decline the honor of being graduated. We admire your spirit, Jim.

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### COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus day was hailed by all St. Joe as a time set apart from the ordinary routine of classes and studies. With the exception of those undergoing the initiation into the Raleigh Club together with the old members who were witnessing the spectacle, the student body enjoyed the morning out in the open air of the surrounding country side. Will Rogers in "Down to Earth" was the movie which attracted many into the Palace Theatre at Rensselaer for an enjoyable afternoon. Foot-sore and weary, yet satisfied, everyone welcomed the close of another perfect day.

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### NATURE LOVERS?

Pleasantly irritating noises began arising from somewhere and filling some place with something very memory-provoking. Black birds? No, too sweet for that. Ground sparrows? Might have been but incidentally was not. Children? Yes, how marvelously! Their innocent piping voices were mingling with the dogmatic and sophisticated air of St. Joseph's. A number (indeed a great number) of children from the Rensselaer Catholic School had been granted a free day with the express understanding that they spend it on the premises of the college. Did this horde of little visitors realize the sig-

nificance of their trip? Perhaps they did not, but they sure enjoyed it.

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### LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS

The band stand, for several years already weather-beaten and unsightly, due to torn tar paper and splintered rafters, has been greatly improved. Part of the frame was rebuilt and new tar paper applied to a large portion of the roof exposed to the weather, while the entire structure has been painted in silver gray. Varnish was applied to the ceiling, with a light coat of dull silver to the balustrades and colonades supporting the dome.

The barren patch of lawn between the sidewalk and the Faculty Building on the way to the smoking club room has been beautified by the planting of twelve plots of pink peonies. Except on the north side, facing the driveway, the Faculty Building now stands almost surrounded by shrubs and flowers. Before many more years, the building will be an ideal place in which to live.

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### HEAR YE, EVERYBODY

When the wind began making music in Mr. Winter's beard, it was decided that old "Xenophon", the alligator, should have a more advantageous shelter than a mere bath tub. The result was his removal to the power house, where he intends to hibernate for a few months.







First class: Harold Judy, 82 4-5; George Grieshaber, 74 5-6; Thomas Etzkorn, 72 3-5.

Second class: Thomas Seifert, 90 1-2; Raymond Huettner, 87 1-3.

Third class: Albert Ottenweller, 95 1-3; Joseph Smolar, 94 3-7; Irenus Quinter, 93 1-2; John Hoorman, 93 1-3; George Muresan, 93 1-6.

Fourth Class: Donald Klaus, 92; Ambrose Heiman, 91 6-7; John Samis, 91 5-6; Edward Maziarz, 89 4-7; Norbert Heckman, 88 1-7; Anthony Suelzer, 88 1-7.

Fifth Class: William McKune, 94 5-7; Carl Vandagriff, 93 6-7; Alfred Horrigan, 93 5-7; Joseph Allgeier, 93 4-7; Thomas Buren, 93.

Sixth Class: Frederick Koch, 95 1-2; Robert Dery, 95; Charles Karcher, 91 7-8; Bernard Glick, 91 2-7; Thomas Danehy, 90 2-7.

Robert Dery '33



With the optimism that is pervading the music department, and the warm welcome the orchestra received on its first appearance Columbus Eve, in Alumni Hall, one can throw all caution to the wind and forecast a successful musical season for the

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new scholastic year. The fact that should be emphasized at the outset, is that the success of the orchestra in its initial appearance which had only a few rehearsals, reflects much credit upon the excellent musicians who took part in the proceedings and to their able conductor, Professor Paul C. Tonner.

That we have an orchestra of high merit was apparent to everybody in the audience that night. The personnel is composed of experienced and well trained musicians, who responded with precision and spirit to Professor Tonner's decisive beat. It was a brilliant and showman like program. The music was played with fine zest, and revealed charm, grace and fire. The numbers played were:

If I Were King	-----	A. Adams
The Secret	-----	Leonard Gautier
Serenata	-----	Moskowsky

Another organization which is waiting for the opportunity to show its worth is the band. At present the members are working hard, realizing that very soon, the heavy tasks will fall upon their shoulders, and that they are an important factor in the college's musical scheme of things.

As to the vocal music, the choir is doing commendable work, when one realizes that it is without its regular director, Rev. Henry A. Lucks, who is ill. There is plenty of good material but whether or not they will be able to replace the excellent singers and soloists lost last year through graduation cannot be answered until Fr. Lucks takes up the baton again.

Valerian Volin

# RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB



The period of probation assigned to the candidates, as a proof of their worthiness to become members of the club, at last came to an end. The "Rookies," trembling and excited, were conducted into the club room to receive their final test and passport, consisting of a well organized initiation executed to perfection by the committee.

The new members are to be congratulated for the courage and manly attitude which they displayed throughout the entire initiation. One "Rookie", in order to show that he was ready for the "works", stated with tears and trembling that he would take it like a man even if his life were at stake.

Just what took place during those two hours in which the candidates were confined within the portals of the club room, only the "Spirit" can reveal. But the appearance of eighty-five trowsled heads together with just that many smiling faces is sufficient evidence that they survived the initiation.

Two weeks later, the new members, as well as the old, enjoyed another exquisite musical program made possible by the Raleigh Club orchestra. The feeling of regret from the loss of last year's quartet was somewhat removed by the pleasant voices that were heard on this occasion.

Such numbers as "Three On a Match", "The Masquerade", and "Don't Tell a Soul", as interpreted by that melodious voice of Tony Traser, and "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye", as voiced by Thomas Danehy, were musical treats, indeed.

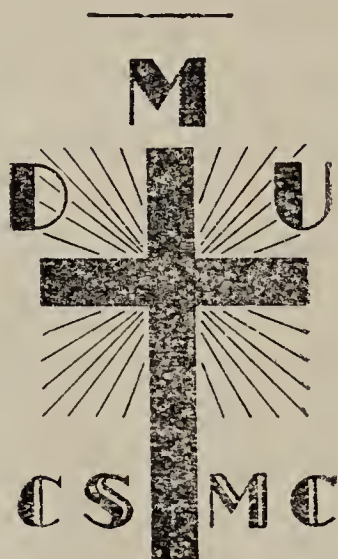


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Joe Lenk in the capacity of "Master of Ceremonies" fulfilled the office with the dignity of a prince. Although some of those proverbs for which he is popular were lost to the audience, nevertheless many a laugh was the result of his puns.

A hearty welcome extended to the new members, and a few laudatory remarks to the old veterans, by the Rev. Moderator brought another very enjoyable program to a close.

In the near future the Raleigh Club will sponsor a card tournament. The committee has adopted rules by which the contestants must abide in order to prevent disagreement. Loving cups have been chosen for prizes.



The second meeting of the D. M. U. held Saturday, October fifteenth in Alumni Hall proved to be of great educational value as well as a source of entertainment. After the chairman had succeeded in bringing the society to order by his persistent poundings of the gavel, in a manner which reminded one of the Democratic Convention, an interesting meeting followed. The inaugural address of the President, stressing the needs of practical religion in America, was one of the high spots of the "con-

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vention". He stated that in these trying times of depression and godlessness, there is a greater need now than ever before for strength to inculcate the minds of all with sound Christian doctrine as a weapon with which to combat anti-Catholicism and its evil consequences.

The Round Table Study Club under the able leadership of Bernard Glick was reorganized. Bernard, in an impromptu address, explained the purpose of this organization. He also named many interesting topics for study which are open for all Dwengerites who are desirous of furthering their knowledge of mission activities.

Catholic Action was resumed with Stanislaus Manoski assuming the duties of chairman. As is customary for the benefit of the new students, Stan gave a brief explanation of this organization and its worthy cause. Some of the problems which would be discussed at future meetings, were then made clear by Thomas Danehy. The second speaker of the evening, James Pike, summarized the outstanding needs of education in our country, and strongly asserted that it was the duty of seminarians to employ every opportunity to promote Christian education. Charles Robbins concluded the program by enlightening us with a brief discourse on the Church and social work.

In harmony with those words of Pope "music has charms alone for the peaceful mind," William McKune's orchestra soothed the hearts of the assembly with such semi-classical medolies as, "The Desert Song" and "Autumn Leaves."

## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The honor of introducing the first public program of the C. L. S., presented on the eve of Columbus Day, was bestowed on Joseph Lenk, the vice-president of the society. After a few well delivered remarks proclaiming the merits of this organization, he introduced the newly elected president, Joseph O'Leary, who in turn delivered a very commendable inaugural address stressing the necessity of literary societies in America. An interesting debate between Leonard Fullenkamp and Leo Frye on "The Dangers of Lobbying" as practiced in Congress then ensued. Although somewhat handicapped by a physical inability to stand on his feet, nevertheless, Leonard's subject matter together with his oratorical abilities was ample compensation.

The members of the cast duly repaid the confidence intrusted to them in the presentation of "Now Adolf", a two-act comedy which immediately followed the debate. From the beginning to the end the audience was bubbling over with mirth, aroused by the comical situations in which the characters placed themselves.

William Conces with the leading role, impersonating "Adolf Krausemiller", a sauerkraut manufacturer, portrayed his part in a manner that would be a credit to an actor with much more experience. "August Riemenschneider", his partner, as presented by Thomas O'Herron, afforded the eager audience many a side splitting laugh by his comical manoeuvres. "Warren Thomas", a very energetic young salesman as personified by William McKune, and "Mary Lawrence", a stenographer in the person of Carl Vandagriff, lived their roles as though they had



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enjoyed practical experience along those lines. Although Urban Reichlin was never looked upon as being crooked, nevertheless, he is now held in suspicion since his perfect portrayal of the safe picker, "Spud Andrews". The attractive personality of Clarence Rastetter was altogether lost by his stingy and sarcastic manner in the portrayal of "Timothy Scroggs". The acting of Raymond Leonard as the well educated and dignified crook, "George Matthews", certainly did not detract from his former dramatic record. The character of "Willie Klotzbach", a smart young office boy, was well chosen in the person of Delbert Welch. Although "Nino" and "Ada Klock", as depicted by Leon Ritter and Norbert Missler respectively, were minor characters, the manner in which they presented their roles added much to the success of the play.

All are anxiously awaiting the next major production of the C. L. S., "Jolly Roger" to be presented on the 23rd of November.

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### NEWMAN CLUB

In the initial meeting of the Newman Club held on Sunday, October second, the election of officers was of prime importance. The new Newmanites displayed unprecedented enthusiasm and zeal in their first meeting of organization. May this portend to a delightful and successful year for all members. As is customary the Reverend Moderator, Father Rapp, gave a few words of enlightenment on the procedure required for the election of officers. After the last ballot had been cast and the final vote counted Edward Hession was duly elected President with Ralph Steinhauser as his first assistant, Vice-president.

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Other officers are Edward Maziarz, secretary; Leonard Kostka, treasurer; Edward McCarthy, critic. The three men who comprise the executive committee are Richard Lammers, Joseph Wheatley, and John Downey. Before closing the meeting James Quinn was appointed Marshall by the Moderator. There is no reason why the ideals of the Newmans will not be realized with such a set of officers as these.

The announcement of the first play of the Newmans was received with great joy by the members of the Club but especially by the cast upon whom the honor of being the first Newmanites to display their dramatic abilities was conferred. On this play depends the success of your first year in dramatics so give your best, then rest assured that a prosperous year will be yours.





## FOURTHS DOWN THIRDS IN FIRST TILT

Despite the stubborn opposition of a fighting Third year team, the Fourths managed to pry off the lid of the 1932-1933 season and again return to their hovel with a 20-7 win tucked under their hoods. The game was listless from start to finish but nevertheless a few high spots here and there put a varied aspect on the situation.

The Fourths kicked off to the Thirds and after several attempts, White, Third's fullback punted over "Red" Lammer's head, who in return quickly recovered and raced seventy yards for the first touchdown of the game and first of the season. Hession added the extra point. Despite the superb punting of Lammers, the Fourths were only able to garner one count in the first half, which ended 7-0. Brilliant playing by Steininger, Foos, and White kept the Thirds in the running.

In the third period, after several line plays and passes, Hession, Fourth's halfback, intercepted a pass and carried the ball to the ten yard line. On the next play he carried it over for a score but failed to add the extra point.

A pass, in the fourth quarter, Lammers to Kruetzer, accounted for another tally and Hession added the point. Score 20-0. With only twenty seconds remaining to play, Foos passed to Bubala, who raced sixty-five yards for the Thirds' lone touchdown. Foos added the extra point.



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White, Foos, Steiniger, Penny, and Schmitt looked best for the Thirds, while Lammers, Hession and Steinhauser were the outstanding ground gainers for the Fourths.

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### SIXTHS AND FIFTHS IN SCORELESS TIE

The Fifths kicked off to the Sixths who lost the ball on four straight downs. On the first Fifths' play Fischer fumbled the ball and it was recovered by the Sixths and immediately a drive was begun which resulted in the ball being stopped on the thirty yard line. Thus the first quarter ended with the ball remaining in play within the thirty yard strip.

In the second quarter Karcher took the ball around right end but again the Seniors lost the ball on downs. Siefer, Fifths' quarter, helped his team along by frequent line plunges and end runs and he also threw a pass that was completed to the Sixths twelve yard line. Time robbed the Fifths of the chance to score just as the half ended.

Beginning the second half the Fifths marched down the field but were brought to a dead stop on the twenty yard line after five downs. The Sixths upon receiving the ball were unable to put the necessary punch in the line and lost the ball on downs. The Fifths' pass, Siefer to Altieri, was good for forty yards on two attempts but again they were stopped in the scoring zone. They punted to Heilman who ran back the ball to mid-field as the third period ended.

The last quarter! The Bakerites started to pass, Vichuras to Ritter which was good for ten yards. Riedlinger gained thirty five yards through the line and then the Sixths threw a pass which was inter-

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cepted and Scheidler carried the ball to the twelve yard line. Scheidler went through line to seven yard marker—Game ends 0-0. What a game—What a game.

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### FIFTHS WIN CLOSE GAME FROM THIRDS

Brandishing the same attack which they used to tie the Sixths, the Fifths swept down the field and emerged with a 13-0 victory over the determined Thirds. The forty and fifty yard punting of Norbert White, Thirds fullback, kept the ball pretty well out of his own territory and the brilliant playing of Smolar, right half, turned away the Fifths back-field time and time again.

The first half ended with the two teams deadlocked with neither able to cross the other's goal. The half was marked by end runs with Fischer and Scheidler carrying the ball. A pass by the Thirds, White to Smolar, was good for thirty-five yards but the quick work of the Fifths quarterback, Seifert, brought the Thirds hope heavily to the ground.

At the beginning of the second half the Fifths kicked off to the Thirds who fumbled the ball. Fischer made gains through the line and Scheidler carried the ball around the left end to the Thirds three-yard line. Siefer carried it over for the touchdown. The try for extra point failed.

No noticeable brilliant plays occurred in the third period but in the fourth, the Thirds put on a determined drive which was cut short on the Fifths thirty-five yard line. The Fifths, led by Altieri, Siefer, and Scheidler, carried the ball to the twenty-five yard line, but three consecutive fifteen yard penalties on the Fifths set the ball back to the fifty yard line, and then just ten seconds before the time



gun shot out, Siefer took a neat pass from the center, Kelly, and ran fifty yards for the second touchdown of the game. Scheidler passed to Kuhn for the extra point and the game blew into the distant past, the Fifths victorious by a 13-0 score.

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### SIXTHS STILL REMAIN UNBEATEN

Again they fail to win! That's the situation in regard to the dear old Seniors in Baker Hall. They had a little scuffle with the highly-touted Fourths, Seniors in Marling Hall, which proved to end up in nothing more than a 7-7 tie. The game was quite interesting throughout, with both teams fighting desperately to put over the winning score.

In the first quarter the Sixths started with a drive down the field which ended in a fumble on the thirty-five yard line. Karcher, Senior quarter started the fireworks by working the ball around end for gains, time and time again. Danehy helped the cause by frequent plunges through the line, with "Rip" Riedlinger making the holes and Joe Lenk taking the men out. The Fourths, on the other hand, lead by Lammers and Steinhauser put up their bid with many an attempt through the line and on the right end. After they had warmed up their frigid fingers and toes they lost the ball on downs. At once, the Sixths pulled a lateral pass, Karcher to Danehy, which was good for twenty-five yards. The Fourths held, the immediate result was, the Seniors lost the ball and after two plays "Red" Lammers carried the ball around right end for twenty yards and a touchdown. Hession added the extra point as the half ended. Score 7-0.

With a determined will and a heart to win, the



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Sixths went back into the fray with blood in their eyes. They plunged, passed, and kicked to no avail, and then the third quarter ended to the happy shouts of the Fourth followers. But wait, there is another twelve minutes left, and you know what a football team can do in twelve minutes. With but seven minutes to play the Seniors put on another determined drive. After receiving the ball on a Fourth's punt, Karcher ran the ball back to mid-field. Two line plunges and a lateral pass put the ball on the nine yard line. There he was, old "Rip" in person, and what did he do, say that boy went over the line for a touchdown, but wait that only makes the score 7-6. What! "Rip" has the ball again, and he goes over for the extra point and the score is tied.

With but a few minutes left to play, the Fourths made a desperate attempt to overcome the brilliant fighting of the Sixths front wall but to no avail. So, they proceeded to passes. Just as one of Lammers' beautiful spirrals was looming towards the intended receiver, "Peanuts" Ritter intercepted and just when victory seemed to show no obstacle, Joe Leuterman came from behind, snagged the dimunitive Sixths' halfback, and the gun sounded the end of another draw for the Sixths, so far still unbeaten.



### THIS IS TOO MUCH! ANOTHER TIE FOR THE SENIORS

So the fighting Seniors of Baker Hall end their football season as an unbeaten team! That cer-

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tainly is a remarkable record, but look at the winning column, none, but one thing is certain—we can chalk these up as three moral victories, because the Sixths deserve all the praise they can get. With only about fifteen to eighteen men out for the positions, what more can you expect from such a few as these.

The Thirds, faithful to their promise, went out and gave the Sixths the scare of their lives when they held them to a scoreless tie, the third no-count for the Seniors this season. Time and again the Sixths got the ball in scoring position, twice within the five yard line, only to find a Third Year line too powerful to permit passage. At once Norbert White's toe sent the ball back again out of the danger zone and the Sixths made another gallant effort to put the ball behind the 0 yard mark.

A wonderful brand of ball was displayed by the younger team; White furnished the kicking and plunging; Bruskotter intercepted a pass that probably would have resulted in a touchdown in the last quarter if it had not been for the heady work of Karcher, Sixths quarterback; Smolar, a light but flashing end, got in time after time to smear the Senior plays and recover fumbled balls.

While this was going on, however, the Sixths, led by Karcher, Danehy, Ritter and Riedlinger, managed to ring up first downs in abundance, but strange as it may seem, could not get the ball through the strong line of the Thirds when scores were needed.

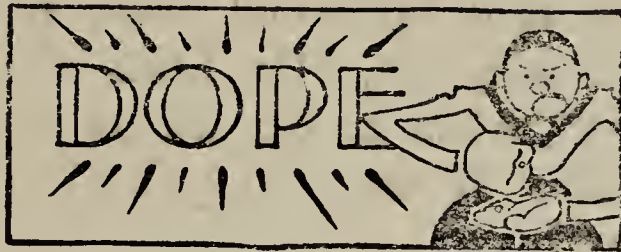
The Sixths sent a chill down the backs of the Thirds, when a drop-kick by Karcher in the closing minutes, missed the uprights by mere inches. All in all, it was the best and hardest fought game at St. Joe's this season; the Thirds are to be congratulated



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on building such a team in such a short time, and the Senior Sixths, well, what would you say about them??? We'll state it in two words, Still Unbeaten!

---



Some of the local dopesters have been making predictions as to the outcome of the annual college-hi classic on Thanksgiving Day. Here's the pickin's.

---

Altieri states thus, College 13-0. Kruetzer, Hi 7-10. Lenk, College, 36-0. Vichuras, College 20-7.

---

Watch 'em fans and see who hits the mark.

---

Here are the official weights of some of the BIG and tiny men about the Campus—Conces 234. Lenk 224. DeCocker 202. O'Leary 209. Penny 200. Stack 98. Klinker 91. Seifert 95. Greisharber 97. Judy 98. What a vast difference just a few pounds make!

---

"Puppy food" McKune said that his idea of a long time, is waiting for Kruetzer to finish the sport sheet.

---

Earl Rausch, the court fanatic, said that since tennis season is over, life doesn't hardly seem worth living. "Shad" Horrigan feels the same way about it but "Shad" is finding some consolation in the tennis seasoner, ping-pong.

"Grand Cheval" Scheidler, the sentimental



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gentleman from Greensburg, says that with all the crutches and bum legs hopping around the place, it looks more like the old soldiers' home than a college.

---

Ed Fischer said he found some real meaning in that popular song hit, "Oh Lord You Made the Night Too Long", when he laid awake a whole night nursing a Charley Horse. My! My! Where was the Hey! Hey??

---

"Kop" DeCocker was offside so much during the Fifths-Thirds game that he didn't know on just whose side he was really playing.

---

"Ossie" Foos seems to be a driving half, but all his speed seems to be in check.

---

If the cold weather comes soon, the lake will be subject to many a cut, cuts from newly sharpened skates—and perhaps some bumps.

---

The Sixths are battering the other League teams with only a roster of fifteen men.—'Nuf said.

---

The flocks of blackbirds, which swarm the college trees at early morn, give signs of an early winter. Let it come—We brought our overcoats.

---

If you are not adaptable to an outside winter sport, try an insider, bridge or chess.

---

The younger set is still gophering the bolf balls —Fore!



Chemistry Prof.—“Do you know how I derived that formula?”

Kuhns—“No!”

Chemistry Prof.—“Then why didn’t you ask?”

Kuhns—“If I had and you had explained, I wouldn’t have understood anyway.”

---

Stohr—“Well, the exams certainly were a battle of wits.”

Danehy—“Yes, and how brave you were Iggy, to go unarmed.”

---

Sudhoff—“I wonder where insects go in the winter?”

Tossman—“Search me.”

Sudhoff—“No thanks, I just wanted to know.”

---

Just imagine:

Vandagriff saying, “I detest this so-called jazz.”

Manoski’s voice cracked.

Voors saying something original.

Doc Barthel without a smile.

Foos complying with the general rule.

Bernard Glick flunking a subject.

Little Reno ever being the big, stout man that  
“Cop” DeCocker is.

---

Elder—“I could live for months on onions alone.”

U. Kuhn—“Anyone who eats onions should live alone.”

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Steiger—"Do you know, that play made me think."

Riedlinger—"Yes, it was an extraordinary play."

---

Our own list of Public Enemies—

The official who turns off the radio in the Club.  
That aspiring individual who invented the custom of arising at 5:45 A. M.

The fellow who leaves the vestibule of the shower all wet.

Isn't nature wonderful! Twenty years ago she didn't know that Balster would wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed his ears.

---

Physics Prof.—"If one horse is hitched sixteen inches, and the other twenty inches from the center pin, which horse is exerting the most pull?"

Farmer Volk—"But—no farmer would ever hitch horses up like that."

---

Si Chology Says:

It would be bad if the Democratic nominee for Governor of this state should loose the Mc from his name after election. What would the Hoosiers have for a Governor?

---

Many orations are boiled down but still not well done.

---

If you want to know what's wrong with the church ask the fellow who attends two or three times a year. He knows all about it.



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It is rumored that Pallone has invented a new system of typing, called the Biblical system. "Seek and Ye shall find."

---

Don't worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few,  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

---

Chuck Vichuras can't see how we can call a chicken dressed when its feathers are all pulled out.

---

## SLIPS OF THE PEN

Question—What is the Russian writer Dostoevsky's chief fault?

Answer—He failed to use good English.

---

Archimedes' principle is that a body loses weight when placed in water. He proved this when he took a bath.

---

I saw two travelers; one went to Rome, the other to Athens; I myself went to Greece.

Translation: Duo viatores—?; unus ad Romam venit; uter Athenies venit; ego, meus, Grechum venit.

---

After a good start down hill the tricyclist could stand on his seat!

---

His mother at the age of fourteen sent him to Cambridge.

---

He layed in the bed with his brother on his mind.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

---

Milton's parents were well read and taught their son at a very ripe young age.

---

Hysterically (historically) speaking, the author was wrong.

---

More truth than poetry: Poetry is that form of literature that plays more on the imagination of the reader than on his understanding.

---

What are dams built for?  
For earigation.

---

In the Lost and Found Column: "Found, a roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at my office door?"

---

City Banker (visiting farm): "I suppose that's the hired man?"

Farmer (who has visited banks): "No, that's the first vice-president in charge of the cows."

---

If ignorance is bliss, this Humor Editor is almost a blister.



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Cartoon

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, November 20-21-22

Victor MacLaglen, Greta Nissen, Nell O'Day in

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Shorts

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, November 27-28-29

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